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convince himself, that Ecclesiastes is a production of an age not much removed from the time of the earlier authors of the Mishnah, though he recoils from seeing in it, as Graetz does, a work of this very latter time. The similar linguistic evidences of late age in the Song of Songs were not numerous and strong enough to conquer his theologico-historical proclivities.

4.—*Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life.*

Edited by her Friend EMMA STEBBINS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

BIOGRAPHIES of actresses are not numerous; but that of Miss Cushman needs no appeal to the fact of its belonging to a limited class to establish its value. It is enough that it tells the story of an earnest, generous, gifted, and hard-working woman, thrown on her resources of talent, with but little preparation, and, by unremitting effort, attaining to wide fame, wealth, and the love and honor of a large circle of friends. The gist of this narrative has already been given in magazine sketches and newspaper notices; but there are many details concerning various passages in the arduous early career of Charlotte Cushman which appear in Miss Stebbins's *Life* for the first time. It is a pathetic and an instructive picture, that of the young singer, when her voice failed her in New Orleans, turning actress almost in a day, and plunging into her profession as *Lady Macbeth* in a borrowed costume, adapted to her tall figure, from the wardrobe of the short and stout Madame Closel, the tragedienne of the French Theatre in that city. Her first parts were studied in the bare garret of the house where she was boarding, the young actress sitting on the floor, in this subtegulaneous solitude, to meditate how she should treat her character. She made herself a good standing at once, but it was some ten years before she gained distinguished triumphs. Her native city, Boston, with its usual coldness, gave her small audiences at her farewell engagement before going to Europe, in 1844, though the same public had gone in enthusiastic crowds to see Macready, whom she had been supporting, and who himself sailed for England on the morning of her benefit. London was more discriminating, and gave her the highest place at once. It was not until long afterward that Boston redeemed itself in this regard, by the public honor of naming the "Cushman School" after her. But these years of neglect were turned to good account by the brave lady. She was, as has often been said, a laborious student of her art; but in the sense of incessant devotion

to its every particular, rather than in that of mere grinding toil. She learned a new scene in three readings, after which she could retain it for years. She belonged to the spontaneous class of female actors, as distinguished from the Janauschecks and Modjeskas. This comes out notably in the anecdote of her first assumption of *Meg Merrilies*, a rôle she was called upon to take at less than a day's notice. A sentence preceding her first entrance—"Meg—why she is no longer what she was ; she dotes," etc.—suddenly inspired her with the proper rendering of the part, while she stood at the wings preparing to go on. Her subsequent portrayal of *Meg* was merely an elaborating of that moment's inspiration, which had in it the germ of a great renown. Much space is given by Miss Stebbins to the showing of Miss Cushman's private character, which was a noble, genial one, strong under great suffering, and full of help for others, giving to her life a remarkably pure and beautiful unity. Her correspondents appear to have been careless of her letters, and those which are embraced in the memoir disappoint. There is, in the whole, but one bit of dramatic criticism by Miss Cushman—an excellent paragraph on the Théâtre Français. The book itself cannot claim a high place as a literary performance ; and, even as a record, it suffers from the editor's bulky style, and the scattering at random through the chapters of her analysis of the subject's character. It, however, effects its purpose of impressing strongly on the mind how much in this great career was due to moral integrity, unwearied effort, and earnestness, in all affairs as well as in art—that generosity of nature which Miss Stebbins incorrectly describes as "an *outgiving* of herself" on the part of Miss Cushman. By this she means, we presume, her friend's devotion of herself to all good purposes.

5.—*Memoir of William Francis Bartlett.* By FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878. 12mo, pp. 309.

THIS is a remarkable book alike for what it is and what it is not. It is the story of one of the most memorable young men that our country has produced, and it is not much of anything else. The author has been content to let his hero speak for himself ; and, in view of the temptation to a fellow-soldier to bring in all sorts of collateral illustration, it may be truly said that he wrote this interesting volume with the lamp of sacrifice burning before him.

This life of thirty-six years began without much promise, and its fire seems to have been first kindled by the war in which the man was